Ther: Roguery. *Dio.* Naythen:
Creſe: Ile tell you what.
Dio: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forſworne.
Creſ: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
Ther: A iugling tricke to be ſecretly open,
Dio: What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?
Creſ: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that ſweete Greeke.
Dio: Good night.
Troy. Hold patience.
Vliſ. How now Troyan. *Creſ.* Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night Ile be your foole no more.
Troy: Thy better muſt.
Creſ: Harke a word in your eare.
Troy: O plague and madneſſe!
Vliſ: You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
Leaſt your diſpleaſure ſhould inlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous:
The time right deadly, I beſeech you goe.
Troy: Behold I pray you.
Vliſ: Now good my Lord go off.
You flow to great diſtruction, come my Lord.
Troy: I prethee ſtay.
Vliſ: You haue not patience, come.
Troy: I pray you ſtay; by hell, and all hells torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio: And ſo good night.
Creſ: Nay but you part in anger.
Troy: Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.
Vliſ How now my Lord?
Troy: By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ: Gardan? why *Greeke?* *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.
Creſ. In faith I doe not, come hether once againe.
Vliſ: You ſhake my Lord at ſomething, will you goe: you
wil breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke. *Vliſ.* Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will and all offences